

In Memoriam

Richard Binckley Allen

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Richard Hinckley Allen

RICHARD HINCKLEY ALLEN



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RICHARD HINCKLEY ALLEN

In Memoriam

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1908

Memorial Service

For Mr. Richard Hinckley Allen

in

THE OGDEN MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
CHATHAM, NEW JERSEY

Sunday, January 26th, 1908

At 3.45 o'clock



Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Hymn No. 781 — "For All The Saints"

Psalter — Psalm xxv.

Hymn No. 634 — "Peace, Perfect Peace"

Prayer by DR. MACNAUGHTAN

Offertory — Solo: "O Rest in the Lord" from "Elijah" . . .
Mendelssohn
MR. IRVING M. LUM

Hymn No. 651 — "How Firm a Foundation"

Reading Joint Resolution of Session and Board of Trustees

Addresses — By REV. J. MACNAUGHTAN, D.D.,
and REV. W. W. HALLOWAY, D.D., of Dover.

Prayer by DR. W. W. HALLOWAY

Anthem — "I Will Lay Me Down in Peace" CHOIR

Organ Postlude



RESOLUTION

IT is with sincere and deep regret that the Session and Board of Trustees of this Church—The Ogden Memorial Presbyterian Church—are called upon to record the death of

Mr. Richard Hinckley Allen

for so many years efficiently and pleasantly associated with us in the care and supervision of the spiritual and material interests of this congregation.

Mr. Allen's death took place on Tuesday, January 14, 1908, at Northampton, Mass., where he had gone to attend the funeral of a beloved sister.

We, therefore, as a Session and Board of Trustees, in joint meeting convened, desire to put

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upon record, in this official and formal way, our sincere and hearty appreciation of the Christian character and manifold services of our deceased brother.

RESOLVED :

1 That, largely to the initiative, unselfishness, the wise counsel, the contribution of personal service and generous gifts of money, by our departed brother, are we now in possession of our present fine property and beautiful house of worship, with its sufficient and satisfactory appointments for religious services.

2 That the very honorable place accorded to this Church in the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, is due, in a large measure, to the generous contributions of Mr. Allen to the several Boards and other benevolences of our Church, to whose appeals his response was always large and free.

3 That while recognizing the great loss which, as a Church and congregation, we have sustained in his death, and the increased responsibility laid upon us as officers of the Church in the withdrawal of his counsel and help, we desire also to express our sense of personal and individual be-

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reavement in the loss of a friend beloved, who, by his genial, kindly personality, and Christian and gentlemanly bearing, had endeared himself to each one of us personally.

4 That we convey to Mrs. Allen the expression of our profound sympathy with her in the great sorrow that God, in His wise providence has seen fit to lay upon her; and sincerely pray that she may be sustained and comforted by our Heavenly Father.

5 That these resolutions, of the joint Boards, be spread on the minutes of each body; that they be read at the memorial service for Mr. Allen on Sunday afternoon, January 26, 1908; and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the widow of our deceased brother, by the Clerk of Session, signed by him in our behalf.

GUY MINTON, *Clerk.*



ADDRESS BY
REV. JOHN MACNAUGHTAN, D.D.

DEAR FRIENDS :

WE are holding this service this afternoon in memory of our departed friend, not for any purposes of eulogy. To no one could that be more distasteful, or more heartily deprecated than by our friend himself. He was very conscious of sharing with us our common human frailties, and shrank instinctively from any ascription to himself of fictitious merit. But we have all felt that his life has stood for some things of importance and worth that may be profitably pondered by those of us who have known him and worked with him in the Church and community; and it is to these things I wish

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at this time to call your attention, and impress them upon my own heart and yours :

1 In the first place, he has always stood, it seems to me, for a very desirable form of piety, and one that is growing less and less common among us, and that to our serious loss and injury, I believe. To-day, to say a man is a Christian may mean much or little. It may stand only for a name, or it may stand for a fact. We always want to know the kind of a Christian he is. Our friend was one of the Christians of the old type, whose profession and life stood for certain conspicuous facts. His was a Christian life, for example, that grounded itself in God's Word. He was a student of the Scriptures. He took time to read and understand what God had written, and strove to make it the guide and inspiration of his life. The Christianity of to-day is sadly lacking in this regard. The religious life of so many of us consists in attendance upon Church, and general and respectful attention to the maintenance of the orderly worship and service of God's House. There is a sad lack of knowledge of the Scriptures, and, too often, a mere perfunctory reading of the Book. With our friend the reading of the Bible from day to day

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meant the refreshing of his soul with the knowledge of the divine orders given therein for the guiding and the shaping of his life for the doing of his daily duty.

Of a like character were his daily devotions. He found time for the observance of the old-fashioned family worship. He was vital in this matter, too. It was no perfunctory performance. It meant something beyond the mere compulsion of dull routine. At these times he laid his own life, and that of those he loved, in the hands of God, and committed them, sleeping and waking, to the care and guidance of the Almighty. His morning and evening ablutions were not felt to be more necessary than this commitment of his affairs to the care and keeping of God.

He was old-fashioned, too, in his regard for the Sabbath. Its restraints were not regarded as slavish hindrances, and embarrassments to freedom and pleasure. It was God's day—a priceless, precious gift, to help him to the attainment of the best. Nothing of the world was permitted to enter it that could be kept out. He was glad of it as an opportunity to lay the world aside, and have freedom to remind himself of the things that were above. There is much that is ignorant

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and unwise in the modern attitude toward God's day. How much the religious life, in its defectiveness for the highest uses, is owing to this, I will not attempt now to say. But I do know that the vigor and wholesomeness of the religious life our friend lived could be traced to the right use, the old-fashioned use, of the Christian Sabbath.

It is well for us, therefore, this afternoon, to thoughtfully and wisely ponder these facts, and lay them with all seriousness upon our own hearts.

2 But, besides these underlying conditions of his life, he stood for a quality of service that is less common than we have a right to desire. It was service, largely and commandingly, inspired by principle. Mere emotion, occasion or impulse had little to do with the life he lived. His daily conduct was rational and intelligent in its whole character and structure. This explains many things in his career. It was, for example, late in life when he came into the Church. This is not saying that his religious life was late of beginning, but that the step, by which he took a public stand for Christ, was one deliberately taken and carefully considered. He waited for the conviction of duty. Perhaps he may have been, as

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so many are, and not altogether without reason, over-sensitive in this matter. He saw how many rushed into the Church impulsively and thoughtlessly, and soon after forgot the obligations they had so solemnly assumed; and all this made him hesitate to take the step till his life had been well matured. But when it was made clear to him that it was his duty, he decided quickly, and his life from that hour was consecrated and dedicated to God. There was no halting or hesitation after this had been done.

It was so, too, in accepting the office of Eldership. He faced the duties the position involved, and accepted place, not as conferring honor, but as implying service. And he did not let his duties as an elder terminate with the Church with which he was immediately identified. He recognized its duties as lying beyond its pale. His interest in the whole field covered by the Boards of our Church was deep, growing, and practical. He gave largely of his means for the support of these; and of his special interest in the work of evangelization of the foreign population of our own State, through our Synodical Home Mission Committee, of whose Presbyterial Committee he was a member, we shall hear from Dr. Halloway,

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who is with us this afternoon. And in connection with this, mention should be made of his work, covering more than thirty years, in the Sunday-school at Oak Ridge, where, through his devotion and service, he has been the mainstay of a live and enterprising Sunday-school work.

Here, again, his life comes to us with lessons it will be well for us to heed. The Church needs to-day more of the quality of conscientiousness, and more of the sense of obligation, which he displayed. So much of our Church life is conventional and formal. So little of it has its roots in a deep sense of soul hunger, and need of being fitted for doing God's will. We may well ponder this phase of the life of the friend who has passed away from us.

3 To his sense of duty we have to add another trait of the character of our friend, that is less common among us, also, than we could wish, namely, the wise and worthy use he made of the means God had entrusted to his stewardship. He was one of the small number, still surviving, who took this serious view of their relation to their possessions. Few men whom I have known, have been so sensitive to the real obligations of wealth as he. The simple life he lived, severely simple,

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was not the result of limited income, but of the fear that he should expend upon himself more of what God had given him than he ought. It was not privilege and opportunity for personal pleasure and ostentation, that wealth brought to him, but the sense of obligation for its best and wisest use for the cause of God in the world. His conscience had much to do with the regulation of the output of his purse. We know this, in the conditions of our own existence as a Church. His large and generous gifts have had much to do, as the resolutions read this afternoon testify, with our possession of this beautiful Church home, and the lovely grounds in the midst of which it stands. Nor is it needful for me to speak of the substantial reinforcement to our means of Church support his gifts have always been to us. We have all recognized this, and been grateful and thankful.

And since I have been among you, I have been hearing, not from him, for he never spoke of these things to me, but from the causes and enterprises that have been the beneficiaries of his generosity, how far-reaching and manifold have been his gifts. His stewardship of his possessions, the sense of having these things as a sacred

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trust, was an abiding consciousness of his life. He never put aside an appeal until he had convinced himself that God had no duties for him in connection with it.

There is surely in this something that has lessons for us all. Wealth, for what it gives of opportunity for pleasure, for ostentation, for the gratification of our whims and our personal inclinations, seems to be the ruling thought to-day in the Church and the world. There is no growth in benevolence that is at all adequate to the increase of the wealth of our times. If the men with this world's goods in our Churches to-day, were as conscientious as our friend has been in the administration of their possessions, the whole work of the Kingdom would be delivered from the embarrassments with which it is beset. We need a revival of the sense of stewardship in the Church of Jesus Christ to-day more than of any other kind—the feeling that was his, that prosperity is a larger opportunity for doing good.

It is out of these characteristics of which I have spoken, that have come those qualities of life and heart, that make the services this afternoon so fit and proper. It was from these roots those traits of manhood drew their vitality that

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have endeared him to so many of us—this life with its splendid form of piety, with its mastery of principle, with its consciousness of life's possessions as a sacred trust.

The results of this scheme of life, as they affected the personality of our friend, I can only speak of now in the briefest way. There is, first of all, his faithfulness in every matter that was required of him by his profession, as a Christian, and in his position as an elder of the Church. The claims of the Church did not rest lightly upon him. He gave to her concerns the best of himself, in prayer and in service. He laid her work upon his heart, and life had no pleasure for him that equaled the joy with which he was permitted to contribute to her growth and prosperity.

Out of these, too, came that simplicity, so characteristic of him. He made no claim to personal honor on the ground of these fidelities. In the face of so much effective usefulness there was no pretense of superiority, or claim to special consideration. The flavor of ostentation belonged to no activity of his among us. He was always, only one among the rest of us, trying to do, the best he knew how, the duties God had laid upon him—

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too glad to be permitted to do God service to have any thought of how that service compared with any rendered by others.

And, last of all, out of these came that modesty that we all respected and admired. With him the repression of self was not the result of any conscious effort. In service and in gifts he was rendering to his Lord, not what was his, but what he had received. He was not, therefore, in anything conscious of being especially praiseworthy.

And, dear friends, these are the things that count in life—that are contributing to its ennoblement and exaltation. Our lives are to be measured, not by the place we make for them in the world of business or fashion, but in the work done for the Kingdom of God, in the lives about us kindled with higher impulses, and inspired to higher ideals of duty and destiny. It is for these things we are grateful to our brother, and for which, this afternoon, we give grateful and hearty thanks to Almighty God.



ADDRESS BY
REV. W. W. HALLOWAY, D.D.

I FEEL honored in being invited to take part in this service, and glad to be able to bring a single flower to add to the wreath of affection which we place upon the casket of Mr. Allen.

My relations with him grew out of my work for Synodical Home Missions in the Presbytery. Some years ago, on my return home from Presbytery at which I had presented the needs of that work, I received from Mr. Allen a letter full of sympathy and encouragement, and offering practical help.

Perhaps I should state that the plan of Synodical Home Missions provides for the raising of a certain amount of money each year in the Synod,

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and this amount is apportioned among the Presbyteries, and by the Presbyteries apportioned among the Churches. Our Presbytery has made the apportionment at thirty cents a Church member. But as some Churches which are rich in membership are poor in financial ability, if we would raise the quota of Presbytery, some of the stronger Churches must give more than their apportionment. The Synodical year ends the last day of September, and the effort to adjust the different amounts required, and to secure the full quota of Presbytery makes a strenuous time for the chairman. Mr. Allen, recognizing this, and being in full sympathy with the nature of Synodical Home Mission work, offered to give aid to the extent of \$100, so that any deficiency unprovided for by the Churches might be met. For several years he has done this, and the result has been that "Morris and Orange" has been able, year by year, to report its full apportionment as raised. The Presbytery, therefore, has been much indebted to him—though he would not permit me to make the circumstances known. The chairman also felt a deep gratitude to him for doing that which was a source of relief to him personally, since I knew that, after every effort

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had been made in the Churches, if any deficiency existed, Mr. Allen would be there to draw upon.

Yet it was not alone for his generosity in giving that I grew to love him. He became a member of the committee at my request, as soon as a vacancy occurred, and from that time till his death was faithful in the discharge of his duties. His active sympathy with the work, his inquiring spirit, his wise counsels, his genial society, made him a valuable addition to our number. Indeed, I have known him, in his faithfulness, to attend a committee meeting, when he was in physical pain all the time, and, if he had followed the dictates of prudence alone, would have remained at home.

But it is hard to portray a man by the brush of the artist or the words of the preacher. After all, it was the man himself that counted most, his genial and attractive personality. I would apply to him that misused but ever pregnant word—"gentleman." He was the best type of a Christian gentleman. And I recall Ruskin's words, "A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure of the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure of the mind which renders it capable of

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the most delicate sympathies—one may say simply, fineness of nature. This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest, and feel no touch of the boughs, but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave like iron."

So Mr. Allen, with his frail health, was yet keyed to indefatigable labors, and painstaking sacrifices, and consecrated devotion to his Master. This high breeding as a gentleman showed itself, both in his delicate sensibilities and his heroic service.

Again, I think of him as a Chosen One. I believe that God selects men with reference not so much to their eternal condition as for special service. That was the election of Israel—to be the servant of Jehovah, and as servant to hand on to the nations of the world its oracles, its holy secrets, its coming and radiant Saviour. Christ elected His disciples, He told them, "that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide." To Paul He said, "I have ap-

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peared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a servant and a witness." I account for the marvelous work of some men in special fields—for the achievements of men like Moody and Brooks and Spurgeon, for example—by this doctrine of election. God chooses some men, I believe, to be special channels of His grace and power to their fellows. They may be no better equipped in the ordinary sense than multitudes of their fellows; but God selects them out of His infinite wisdom, and, by their absolute yielding to Him, they become the instruments in His hands to work a great work. Electricity will be conducted by some substances better than others. I do not know why some substances are conductors and others non-conductors. Perhaps even the electrician cannot explain it. All we know is that electricity chooses some substances through which it will convey its power for the service of men. So God chooses some men for special conveyance of His blessings, now in one direction, now in another; here in one form, there in another. I think of Mr. Allen as thus chosen by God to manifest to men the power of a consecrated life. Mr. Allen yielded himself to God to become this instrument. He recognized his

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stewardship of his wealth, and held it subject to his Master's command. He made his will subservient to the divine will. He let God use him, and was happy to be His servant. He was a good man, "the ripe fruit which earth presents to God."

Finally, such a life is an argument for immortality. We cannot believe that God would raise up and endow such a life, and then utterly extinguish it. Even men do not build just to destroy. Surely God does not disappoint all our hopes, blast all our expectations, crush all our faith, annihilate all our being by any such process. This life, ended on earth, must go on somewhere. This character, so beautifully developed, must have opportunities further on. This service, so cheerfully and efficiently rendered, must have its fruition somehow.

Some one puts it this way: You stand by the shore and witness a vessel sailing out to sea. Gradually, it draws farther and farther away, becomes less and less an object of vision. By and by, it disappears behind the horizon, and you exclaim, "There, it 's gone!" Gone where? Out of sight, only. But it is still making its way on the deep, still continuing its voyage. And on the

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farther shore are those who wait to greet its coming, as here there are those who watch its going.

We say of our friend, "He is gone." But it is only from our sight. We believe that he still *is*, and that he will continue his work on larger fields and with grander results than ever.





IN the village of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, as far back as the thirties, Richard L. Allen had bought a large tract of land, in the development of which he took a deep interest. He and his son, who succeeded him in its management, were always hopeful of the prosperous future of the place.

The religious interests of the town appealed to them both, and to their families, and the following resolutions bear witness to this :

Our Heavenly Father having called from earth the late Richard H. Allen of Chatham, New Jersey, a constant and long valued friend of this Church, we, the elders and trustees in joint session, desire to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of our departed friend.

We remember with appreciation the many expressions of interest by the deceased in and for

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the welfare of this Church, as well as the substantial assistance which he has so many times rendered on occasions of special need.

We commend the bereaved companion and family to our God and to the word of His grace, and we pray that He may be to each of you a "God of all comfort," and "The Father of mercies," at this time.

(Signed) OLIVER C. JOHNSON, *Pastor.*

H. F. HUBBARD	H. F. HUBBARD
J. L. SMALLEY	J. F. PRITCHARD
C. H. SEDGWICK	G. P. HOUGHTON
J. E. PLUMB	J. E. PLUMB
P. A. ERICKSON	E. M. KAPITAN
J. C. BARRIE	R. E. HEMPTON
<i>Elders.</i>	WALTER GREEN
	J. F. REARDON
	G. H. DICKSON
	<i>Trustees.</i>

Done by order of the Elders and Trustees of
the Manitowoc Presbyterian Church.



From "The Envoy," of February, 1908, the monthly paper published by the Presbyterian Church, Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

In Memoriam

ALLEN

THE name of Allen will always be a tender memory to those who have had a part in the struggles of the earlier days in our Church. Early in the history of this city Richard L. Allen, a resident of New York, made considerable purchases of real estate, part of which is now within the city limits. He was an elder in the Reformed Dutch Church, and so naturally became interested in the struggles of our Church at that time. Two memorial windows, one in the Church and one in the Manse, bear their silent testimony to the gifts of this large-hearted man, who time and again

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responded to the cry of need from this congregation. This characteristic generosity is illustrated by a memorandum found after his death, which, after mentioning certain gifts, which he desired made for benevolent purposes, added, "I especially recommend to my wife and heirs a spirit and acts of beneficence, imitating in this their blessed Master, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 'who went about doing good,' and who suffered every privation with patient self-denial, that he might benefit mankind and minister to their necessities."

After his death, September 22, 1869, his son, Richard H. Allen, became the manager of his father's estate, continuing in that capacity until his death, which occurred January 14, at Northampton, Mass., whither he had gone to attend the funeral of his sister, Mary Isabel Allen, whose death preceded his but six days. He had been long in the service of the Chatham, New Jersey, Presbyterian Church as an officer, and for thirty years had acted as Superintendent of a union Sabbath School near his home. The same spirit of generosity which had characterized the father was continued in the son. He seldom came to the city on business but that he visited the

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Manse, and became acquainted in turn with each of the pastors, always revealing his great interest in the welfare of this Church. He was the first person outside of the congregation to order "The Envoy." And now that he and his sister beloved have passed on to the General Assembly of the Church of the first-born in Heaven, we can the more fully realize that we have been the gainers through a friendship of two generations with the Allen family. The widow, formerly Miss Mary C. Wallace of Chatham, N. J., and one brother, the Rev. Arthur H. Allen, with his daughter, Miss Agnes G. C. Allen, are the surviving members of the family.



IMMORTALITY: WHAT IS IT?

AMONG the men and women whom we meet on the highways and byways of life's journey, there are some whose eagle eyes have pierced through earthly matter, and solved problems too difficult for the mass of mankind; many whose ears have heard music too faint for us to catch, and others whose knowledge of the workings of nature is profound and deep. But too seldom is this knowledge a step to higher and better things. Too often it leads to conceit and vainglory, and not, as it should, to humility before the great God who has created all these mysteries, that we may feel our littleness in His sight, and bow adoring at His feet.

Richard Hinckley Allen's love of nature led him to study her mysteries from boyhood, and

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while his knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and of birds great and small, was far superior to that of the average man, his modesty was such that only a few kindred spirits discovered how varied and deep had been his investigations. He saw greater harmony and beauty in a glorious sunset than was revealed to our eyes; there was an intensity in his gaze that showed how his soul was absorbed in the sight, and, like a prophet of the night, when the light of day had vanished, he would name star after star, and planet after planet, speaking of their relations to one another and of the meaning of their names, as if he were more at home among their glories than most men would be with the persons and things of their daily environment.

An earnest Christian, his first and best thoughts were given to the things of the Kingdom, to the Church to which he belonged, denying himself, that he might promote her interests at home and abroad; and not even those nearest to him knew how many needy ones had been gladdened by his ministrations.

And now he is no longer with us; but who can think the thoughts and live the life that he did, without being better prepared to enjoy the ser-

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vice and the blessed employments of the Home, which he has now entered?

“Master, he whom thou lovest is dead!”

“Yes, my child, truly dead to the pain and sorrow and gloom of earth, to all partings and temptations, and to the suffering which he bore so patiently on his journey to the better land. But the life that he is now living is more full of sweetness and beauty and joy than earth can offer. He is learning more than he could ever have learned on earth. Does he not love more tenderly? Is he not immortal?”

S. W.



ISABEL AND RICHARD

Mary Isabel Allen died at Dansville, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1908, and Richard Hinckley Allen, at Northampton, Mass., Jan. 14, 1908.

“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.”

ISABEL and Richard, over threescore years on earth, and but six days apart in entering heaven. On earth in point of seniority it was Richard and Isabel, but into the light of heaven she entered first, and there the senior saint is Isabel. They were born in the same house on the banks of the Niagara River below the growing town of Buffalo. Both of them were literary in their tastes, and as a child he loved the stars, and grew to love them more and more with all his scholarly mind,

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which made him when a young man a walking encyclopedia, as his classmates called him. His "Star-Names and Their Meanings" is the fruit of years of research and ripe learning; you might call it a literary history of the stars. Can we, in our boldest fancy, imagine what he now sees of those myriads of worlds, in whose existence and names he took such keen delight? He passed with honor through one year at Yale College in the class of '60, but then his eyes forced him to withdraw for a year, and, yielding to his father's longing, he went into business with him. There was often a wistful, hungry look in his eyes when he spoke of his college. Yet in mental culture he outranked how immeasurably many a graduate.

Her love of literature was as great as her brother's, and as wide-reaching. French, German, and Italian she read with ease, and spoke with fluency. She had a good style, and wrote some beautiful verses, which have been printed, besides translations and papers for private clubs. One of her best she herself thought was this little poem, which she sent to this paper two Christmases ago:

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THE FIR-TREE

I am like a green fir tree ; from Me is thy fruit found.
Hosea xiv : 8.

THE wondrous babe on Mary's breast
Closes His wistful eyes in rest.
He does not know there will be drest
For Him a tree,
Where men shall see
The fruit of God's great love.

To man's estate at last He came,
He healed the sick, the deaf, the lame—
Men heard the blind man, cured, proclaim :
"I once was blind, but now I see,
Christ is the tree
That bears for me
This fruit of God's great love."

And when they hung Him on the tree
That fearful day on Calvary,
The women wept and moaned, "Ah, me!
That such a tree
Should bear for me
The fruit of God's great love."

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Since then, a sound of joyous mirth
At Christmas-tide rolls round the earth,
The children stand beneath a tree,
And through its gifts the Christ-child see.
They hear him saying lovingly,
 “This is the tree
 That bears for thee
The fruit of God’s great love.”

Best of all, in their religious life they were not divided. She came into the visible Church at an earlier age than he. He was past thirty, when he united with the Presbyterian Church of Chatham, of which he later was elected trustee and elder, but he had already been teaching a class in the White Oak Ridge Sunday-school. After he joined the Church, they elected him superintendent, and kept him in office year after year until he died. His prayers at the family altar were humble and reverent, touching in their beautiful simplicity. In public prayer he had the same natural diffidence as his beloved father.

She was a manager of the Woman’s Union Missionary Society, and there, as officers of the society bear witness, it was uplifting to listen to her prayers. One of them says, “I never heard her

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fervent petitions, but that the conviction came to me of a definite answer.”

In their love for others they were united. They had too keen an insight into human nature not to see and sometimes to criticise the faults of others. But their goodwill was far-reaching. They both were most generous. Gifts large and small made glad the hearts of missionaries and obscure workers for the Master in many quarters of the globe. Many a heart they made to sing for joy. There is a chorus of harmonious praise from those whose lives were brightened by their kind thoughts and substantial gifts, some of whom have welcomed them into their heavenly home. For we have no doubt, according to the promises of Jesus, that they are with Christ, which is far better. This beautiful Sunday, his first and her second in the City of Light, they walk with Him in white, for they are worthy. Ill health and weakness, distress and pain are over. She sleeps in historic ground at Northampton, he by the banks of the Passaic in Newark, but they, their noblest and best, their true selves whom we loved, are safe within the gates of pearl, and they beckon us to follow.

A. H. A.

—From “The Christian Intelligencer,” January 29, 1908.



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